

The Innis Herald

Issue the Last:



April, Lithuania, Dead, Grey, Flicks,
Literature, Vinyl, et cetera,
et cetera, et cet era.



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"Either this wallpaper goes or I go."
—Oscar Wilde

Infamous Last Words

I hate writing editorials. It is the one responsibility that exists at present for me that I truly abhor. It's easy when you have something to say, but I don't want to preach about any particular issues because I would assume that any of you reading this are intelligent enough to form your own opinions on the following things:

— Lithuania. Whence comes an anecdote. Recently, Georgie gave Edward Shevardnadze a little talking to about the Soviets moving their big beary military bulk into Lithuania. This is no surprise: it is still the norm for us in the west to regard the Soviet Union with a certain amount of suspicion. Perhaps they are not an 'evil empire' any more, but at best they are seen as a latent evil empire.

The press conference that Bush held after the Soviet Foreign Minister had left was par for the course: the standard questions, the standard responses, the status quo upheld. But wait! What's this?

"Mr. President. How is it that you can chastise the Soviet Union for invading Lithuania when not five months ago the United States invaded Panama?"

George's pancreas began to perspire, for he could not allow any sweat to show externally. He probably wondered how he could ensure that this reporter got a sizable rap on the knuckles for asking a question that had some less-than-pleasant implications. How to answer this question without making it apparent to America at large that the US was an Imperial Power in Inalienable-Rights Clothing?

"We are not telling the Soviets what to do, we are telling them what not to do."

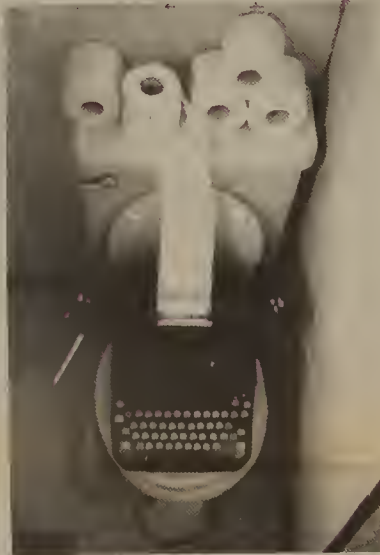
The press gallery bursts into laughter.

— the GST, which, along with Michael Wilson's wonderful 'no new tax' budget (replete with transfer payment cuts), is causing our tuition to rise fifteen percent.

— CBS, who you have to pay \$75 just in order to work.

— CBC, whose annual budget may, in the conceivable future, be about \$75.

— why a semi-literate imbecile like Dan Quayle, whose veneer is so vacuous that not even a passing thought would cling to him, would be a distant second behind the most powerful man in the world. Someone quipped to me that Dan Quayle is living proof that any boy or girl can grow up to be President. This moron was about to embark on a tour of South and Central American countries, and said that he had never really known much about Latin America, due to the fact that he "had never learned Latin." Why anyone would choose this



running dog as a running mate is beyond me, but it makes one wonder whether George Bush has a secret PCP habit that causes him to hallucinate excessively.

— exactly what the odds are that a Fourth Reich can develop in a united Germany. Already 80% of all money coming from Western Europe to Eastern Europe is coming from West Germany. Given this, and the fact that a united Germany would be the single most powerful country in Europe (with a possible second in Britain, if Thatcher ever decides to join the rest of the world), the possibility of an economic empire centred in Germany (similar but more intelligent than the present American hegemony) is a real one that is only considered as remote as it is right now because nobody can yet believe that what has happened in the past year is real.

— whether Quebec will separate if Meech Lake fails, whether Meech Lake will fail, whether anyone in Canada particularly cares about it other than a dozen or so xenophobic politicians, and why any government would have a conference in a place with a name as unappetizing as Meech Lake.

One last editorial monopolization: Samuel Beckett wrote a play called "Not I", which features a mouth and nothing else. This mouth talks with incredible speed: what would take a normal person 45 minutes to say, this mouth does in 17 minutes. The rate of speech is higher than the rate of apprehension in the listener's brain. This is a good analogy as any for the past twelve months of the world: it has gone too far and too fast for anyone to come to grips with it. But it is in uncertain times like these that we stand on the threshold of a million possible futures, and it has been shown by those in Hungary, Poland, Lithuania and elsewhere that we can choose that future. We can have a voice if we choose to shout.

So this is how you write an editorial when you can't think of anything to write about. It is Monday, and the paper has to be out before Thursday, or the whole exercise will have been pointless, as you, dear reader, will be far too busy tripping around in Europe or serving drinks in hopes of earning enough to buy textbooks for next year (since textbooks, like almost every other instrument of higher education, will be affected by the GST), and you certainly won't be reading this.

This is the end. The last issue.



The Innis Herald

April 1990, Volume 24, Issue the Last
The paper that barks.

Some Members of the Human Race

Editor.....Keith Denning
Our Endearing Sweet Pea.....Blitz
The Poet's Poet.....Braz
Film Guy.....Steve Gravestock
Environment Gal.....Cheri
Theatre Dude.....Rick
Our Man Friday.....Daniel Hill
Photographer sans portfolio.....Jim DesRoches

Some Other Members of the Human Race

Articles and Stuff:

John Anderson, Karen Sumner, Myrtle, Julie, Steve Gravestock, Blitz
Rick Campbell, Keith Denning, Cheri, @rty, Odin & Warren

Poetry &c.:

John Anderson, Daniel Hill, Lucretia, Sheri, Lance, Braz, Scott Wiebe
K.E. Sumner, Ralf Thomas Gutzeit, Loren Davie, Imre Juurink
Ian MacLennan

Letters and Tirades:

Dennis Duffy, Yukio Koglin, Ivan Czegledy

Thanks, Odin & Cheri, for the beer et cet.

Ινσυλτεδ ιν τηε

CCCCP

Dear Editor,

I still wait for plane ticket! What goes? I get tired am sitting here! Jim, I get letter from some guy say he new editor and can I go bug off.

Well! I never am so insulted! Since USSR breaking up, is no need for me be Moscow correspondent. I want to come back. Do something worthwhile. Or run for SAC instead. Maybe finish degree in literature. Maybe start degree in creative writing. Maybe get job in pub. Play thrash. Scare squirrels. Play Dead. Scare patrons. Maybe take course in film and wear black all time. Maybe take course in environment and cry all time. Maybe take course in Urbane Studies and act classy all time. Hey euhre crowd, may I light your smoke? See? Not bad, heh?

I warn you. Spring spring soon. Innis squirrels to begin new offensive to take over college. Council should meet. Appoint sub-committee to examine problem. Report back after hell gets all cold. Take lots of minutes and don't give back. Don't ask Physical Planters to help. They all work for Innis

squirrels. That why pub so cold. That why pub sell peanuts. That why washing machine still broken. That why roof still leaking. That why vicious thrash music get played. To scare away squirrels! That why people write mean articles about each other in newspaper. It cold so everybody in bad mood.

Relax Lisa Mylniuk. Have a beverage. It just a newspaper not Meech Lake Accord!

Hey Mo! No kill yourself! Come live in Romania. No one have time for cards here! Jesus and Mary Chain? Sorry. Maybe later. Got to look for food. No MacDonald's in Tirgu Mures.

Sean Gregory. You poet and not even realize that you ere. Relax. Have a beverage. You no like something? No read it. Hey Sean! Where you go? Hm!

Somebody send me a plane ticket. Okay, okay. You no want me back, right? Righteous bag of Columbian red all gone, right? Greedy, greedy. Innis Farm all gone, right? Good graffiti in men's washroom all gone too, right? Just write hate now! Hate. Trend of nineties. Zero tolerance. Me love democracy. Next we respect right to kill each other because of sex preference, yes? I tell you. Dissent dirty word over there in democracy. Dissent big deal here. Hey. Relax. You been "free" too long.

Colour me gone too. Send me ticket to Vancouver? How about Kenora? Come on Jim and Paul and Art and David and Jenny and Alex and Blitz and Arie and Keih! (Easy to see what happen to righteous bag, hah?) I getting sick of Big Macs. And Gorbachev fold-out bed lumpy.

yours in continent,
Ivan Czegledy

SCAT!ology

Dear ed-heads and Lisa Muilwyk:

First, Lisa, SCAT! comes out once a year, it only has about 48 pages, it only holds so much. Some people enjoy poetry more than once a year, so what's wrong with monthly doses in the Herald? I've seen plenty o' signs around for the Herald, so write a legit article or fuck off and read Forbes.

Two, ed-heads. SCAT!'s and annual, see? 'We put up posters, solicit good writers, a deadline, editorial meetings, hand-wringing and hopefully the issue comes off well. Please specify what danger we have put ourselves in, as you mentioned in an editorial reply to the cynical Miss Muilwyk. As far as we know things are going quite smoothly -- the ICSS was absolutely generous with a grant, plenty of strong submissions came in and we expect an artis-handicrafty issue out this spring.

Like the Herald, SCAT! is entirely at the mercy of the number and quality of submissions it receives, so let's not spread rumours of ill-health, we're in the same boat, no?

Yukio Koglin, a SCAT! editor.

Dear Yukio,

You're absolutely right, as per usual. The 'danger' to which I was referring was the seeming lack of publicity surrounding this issue. It is usual for the Herald to receive some ad or other to run, to solicit submissions for SCAT! We haven't received any, as far as I am aware, and further, I haven't seen a single poster around Innis for it. Maybe I'm just blind
the Editor

Smug

Sir:

In the 11 years that I've been at Innis College in one capacity or another, I have grown to cherish it as a place marked by tolerance, goodwill, and a questioning spirit. That is why I am taken aback by the smug, moralistic certitude of "The Evils of Convenience," an editorial in a recent (undated) issue. Have I been asleep for a while and awakened in another College?

Sincerely,
Dennis Duffy

The Innis Herald has an open letter policy. All letters must be signed and must be free of racist, agist, xenophobic, sexist, homophobic and/or terminally stupid content. Opinions expressed in letters, as in all submissions to the Herald, are attributable only to the authors. No liability can be assumed by the Innis Herald, the Innis College Student Society or the publisher. Nyahl!



News

Formalities

MishKa

If you weren't at the Toronto Ballroom of the Hilton International Hotel on March 3rd, chances are you wouldn't have been able to go anyway. I'm referring to the sold-out event, Innis Formal 1990.

Many thanks go toward Kimberly Nash (ICSS Social Rep), Milena Dolezel (ICSS VP Government), Sarah Johnson (ICSS Spirit Challenge Rep), and Audrey Perry (alumni) for making the evening a whopping success. More thanks go to the others who spent hours phoning, organizing, decorating, and selling tickets. Your help was greatly needed and appreciated.

The reception commenced at approximately 6:30 pm. Down the long flight of the escalator to the immaculate base floor of the hotel, one was able to sense the camaraderie of those mingling amongst friends over sky-priced drinks from the bar or the forming of new friendships. Arriving in their finest attire to the lounge area, Sarah Johnson warmly greeted those approaching.

Door to the dining hall opened at about 7:30 pm, where the extravagantly set tables were soon filled. Dinner was inaugurated with a serving of cream of carrot and tossed walnut bisque, then continuing with a tossed garden green salad. The entrée consisted of roast young turkey, "slice o'"

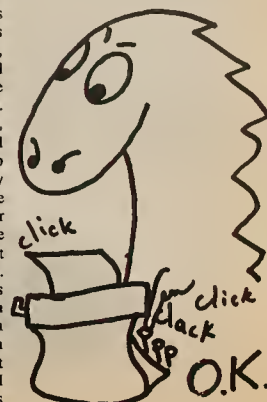
savoury stuffing, cranberry sauce with a side serving of potatoes and brussels sprouts. The vegetarian dinner consisted of a mashed potato and stuffed tomato plate. Dessert, savarin glacée céceile, was served with a cup of tea or coffee. Not many complaints were heard over the meal. Portions were somewhat generous and the flavour was palatable. However, didn't Miss Manners ever say that dinner mints should be left at least until dinner is served?

Speeches this year were fairly brief. Kimberly Nash took the podium first and thanked all those who volunteered in making this year's formal a success. Innis College Principal, John Browne, stated that it was both a joyous and sad time for all of us due to the coming end of the academic season. Rob Stanley, ICSS president, thanked the ICSS executive for all their efforts and the great job they've done this year. Kimberly Nash closed this portion of the evening thanking everybody for coming. At 9:00 the tables were cleared, the lights went down and it was time to dance, dance, dance. The music was supplied by DJ's Art Wilson and Jim Shedden: an all-request selection ranging from the Bay City Rollers to Neneh Cherry to AC/DC. For the next four hours, shoes were tossed (and some lost), nylons and stockings

were run and people boogied 'til they could boogie no more. Unfortunately, like all good things, the evening trickled to a close at about 1:00 am.

If you regret missing this extravaganza, don't fret because there will be one next year. Get your tickets early!

GORN
TYPES



Don't forget the Annual

Innis Family Brunch

Sunday, April 22, 1990

11:30- 1:00

Innis College Pub

RSVP: Audrey Perry: 978-4332

or Jim Shedden: 978-7790.

It's the Grateful Dead, man

This Isn't About the Dead

Rick Campbell

Here's a chance for everybody who feels that there has been just too much mention made of The Grateful Dead in this paper to breathe a sigh of relief. This will be the last piece I write that mentions them in this paper. (I only did write about them once a year!) Their recent appearance in Hamilton seems to be a sort of anti-climax to the semi-prevalence of Dead stuff around here. I'm out of here in June and my burgeoning tape collection goes with me. While I'm fairly certain those who do not enjoy this rock and swing band will continue to hear the band in the pub every so often, the writing is on the wall. Things are winding down. And this is a good thing.

If the Dead are winding down here, one can only hope that they will wind down everywhere. Perhaps the mob scenes in such places as Albany, New York will cease and the security problems that one would expect to beset an AC/DC gig rather than a group of old men playing songs like "El Paso" and "Hey Jude" will ebb. Yet I somehow doubt it. I was driving in North Toronto yesterday and a tie-dye clad fifteen year old gave my Jerry Jasper ear stickers the trendy sign of approval. ("Awesome car, man!") What's an old fan to do?

As Robert Hunter says, the Dead experience was never meant to be a private party. The reaction to Live Dead Friday at Innis Pub by certain dissembling administrative types makes me believe that it may as well have been a private party. For most people, love of the Dead seems too weird to be tolerated. For some reason it has to be either vilified or mocked.

Listen, I had a prof who was absolutely obsessed with *Casablanca*. This obsession was thought to be charming by most people. Some people are obsessed with baseball. Baseball stats come out of their nostrils. Hey, it's okay. (But when Deadheads talk tape "stats" we're weird.) Some people watch a soap every day. Others are completely obsessed with the crotch rock of Led Zeppelin. Somehow, the spectacle of a long-maned git from North England with a banana in his pants screeching like a banshee is great stuff. (It must be, man. I've got all of their albums. I play each of them once a year.)

Go figure. A twenty minute "Dancing in the Streets" is a cause for levity. A forty minute "Dazed and Confused" is totally awesome. Well fuck! I can dance to that "Dancing in the Streets"! What the hell am I supposed to do during that "Dazed and Confused"? After Jimmy Page has got his bow out

and is scraping away am I supposed to stand there awe struck by his panache? Wait a second maybe I'm not wrecked enough. Shit, I'm out of beer, I must be! I get it! He's simulating an orgasm, right? Okay, right on! But hey, aren't they always simulating orgasms? Isn't that why Robert "Let's talk about love" Plant screams like that? I must be missing something.

I could do what I just did with dear old Led Zep (love ya, Jimmy, really!) with just about any band from Metallica to Ornette Coleman. Contempt is easy especially when it's backed up by some holier-than-thou artistic creed. (I was relieved to see, although I am a fan, that there was at least one film critic who did not fall down at the feet of Peter Greenaway last March.) If you don't like the Grateful Dead, and I rather think that some of you don't, can you at least leave us in peace? I mean I have to suffer through your music. I even like some of it. I even like Sinead O'Connor's pop, even though her latest single sounds exactly like an Elton John song circa 1974 complete with Bernie Taupin lyrics.

I believe it is how much some of us like the Dead that really annoys people. Can't be healthy, can it? Well how about watching the Maple Leafs game after game? / Back to the Future III? / God, is he really going to buy the new Phillip Glass L.P.? I can't tell them apart. / Christ, if he plays that Mozart album one more time... / enough about James Joyce already! / DeNiro this, DeNiro that! / How many basketball games did he watch last night? / What the hell is so funny about these Marx Brothers anyway? / No! Cronenberg's an artist? / Nietzsche! God what a fascist! / He's got ALL the Paul McCartney albums? / Yes, I like a nice detective story now and then, but do we have to watch *The Maltese Falcon* again? / But you just saw *Casablanca* last week! / Yeah, yeah, Joe Montana... / Don't you think five Jos. Louis are enough? / But Bob Dylan can't sing! / So you missed an episode of *Beauty and the Beast*, is that a reason to cry? / You've got a fifty minute "Dazed and Confused"? Far out.

I attended both Hamilton shows. If I'd had the money I'd have gone to Albany. I missed Branford Marsalis playing a two hour second set with the band last week at Nassau Coliseum that included a "Dark Star". I could kill myself but I know I'll hear the tape. In the meantime, my buddy William's got a box of ten to lay on me. Yes, indeed. Let it shine! And as Goddy Lee once said "Good night, Toronto!"





More Dead Bones to Pick

Blitz

Well, I just got back from the Grateful Dead shows in Hamilton and while it was lots of fun, I couldn't help noticing a general decrease in the happiness and friendliness at the Dead shows, aided and abetted by strong rumblings of paranoia. There were rumours that Hamilton had hired 75 extra undercover nars to patrol the shows, rumours that in the States the FDA had assigned 300 undercover officers to follow the Dead, the incident where cops dragged a deadhead for 100 metres by his hair for selling beer out of a cooler (and told a reporter to fuck off for daring to ask why they were doing that, instead of just ticketing or arresting the guy) and the two deaths recently in the States of fans at the hands of security guards and cops. About the latter two deaths, the least you can say is that the dedicated protectors of law and order let their zeal get out of hand, and the worst you could say, though it certainly hasn't been

proven (yet!) is that the cops murdered two kids. At this point it seems logical to ask what crime these kids comitted, to deserve such a fate (for surely they must have deserved it), or the cops wouldn't have done it) and the answer is that at worst it was disturbing the peace. One of the deceased, the one who died in custody of the security guards, was found to have no drugs on or in him: I'm not certain about the other one. Of course, this is sort of incidental, because last I heard they hadn't authorized the death penalty for possession, and even if they had, I highly doubt that they empowered individual cops to carry it out at their own discretion. Nevertheless, two kids are dead, and there must be a reason.

Now, I'm not suggesting that the cops seriously intended to murder two kids. My paranoia about the police hasn't gone that far yet. What I am suggesting is that cops are used to using brutal force, regardless of whether the situation

calls for it or not, and when you engage in unchecked brutality there is the chance of things ending in death. And for me, the excuse that "We didn't mean to actually kill him -- we just kicked him around a bit, hit him some, and heck, he deserved it because he was at a Grateful Dead concert," doesn't hold water. Those cops are murderers, plain and simple. And why are there so many cops at Dead shows? Because the Dead have a rep for being a drug band, for having fans that like to abuse drugs. Need I get into the fact that alcohol kills more people every year than LSD and marijuana have ever killed? Or that the biggest danger to life and limb from the non-addicting illicit drugs like hash, shrooms or LSD lies not in the effects of the drugs themselves but in the fact that you might get caught, beaten up by the cops, and thrown in jail? Or that cops themselves are known to steal drugs that are confiscated and use them themselves? No, I don't

think I do. What does need to be said is that murder was committed under the pretext of drug control, that, no matter how paranoid this sounds, the authorities have demonstrated that they are willing to kill you for using drugs they don't approve of, or beat you just for kicks. To take an example from real life: one of my friends got his house raided and himself busted awhile back. He was taken in handcuffs from the house to a police car. Six hours later, in response to numerous phone calls, the police still would not admit that the bust had taken place or that my friend was in custody, although once when I phoned I heard them discussing it in the background. I was present at the bust: I know for a fact when he was taken into custody. I also know that it was almost eight hours later that they admitted to having him. He claims that he was beaten and that the cops threatened to kill him, going so far as to put a gun to his head. Now, I

realize that there is no concrete proof that he is telling the truth, and certainly he has no reason to be kindly inclined towards the cops, but if nothing happened, then what the hell were they doing with him for eight hours? Could they not find their way back to the station, and were their radios broken so they couldn't report in what had happened? It seems much more likely that they wanted those eight hours alone with him to do things that they did not want on any police record, and this leads me to believe him. How does it feel to know that armed men can burst into your home, kidnap you, beat you, and threaten to kill you, without having to charge you with any crime for eight hours afterwards? How does it feel to know that your greatest danger in going to see a Grateful Dead show lies in the fact that you may be killed by the security forces?

Wow, Cosmic

Julie

so, the infamous Grateful Dead are playing Hamilton, eh? think I'll check it out, relive Woodstock, you know..... wow, lots of weird people with long hair and tie-dyes buying and selling doses outside the show, what time is it? shit, almost showtime..... there's some woman asking for money for her friend's bail fund, give her a buck, let's get to our seats..... my god, this band takes a long time between songs -- don't they know what they're going to do next? apparently not.... this is okay, it rocks, but I still don't see why people would follow them all over.... god, how old is that guitar player?.. hey, isn't that a Stones song they're doing -- it sounds kind of folksy, nothing too exciting but man, look at the fans -- everyone's dancing, everyone's got this ecstatic look on their faces, they're all singing along to every song, they look so.... happy, so content to be here.... "Don't Ease Me In," isn't that a real old folk tune? i'm getting this sneaking suspicion that their rep is mainly hype -- they're just a rocking folk band, which is cool, i guess, but i'd expected something a little more strange.... still, they're pretty old: maybe they were really hot in the sixties and people just see them out of nostalgia, but then again, half these people don't look old enough to really remember the seventies, let alone the sixties... wow, they've gone offstage already, short set...apparently they'll be back for a second set in a bit, let's take a look around.... the corridors are packed, i guess everyone else had the same idea.... there's some guys playing bongoes and everyone's dancing, there's thousands of people just wandering, and almost everyone looks weird but friendly....

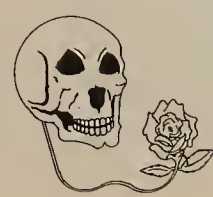
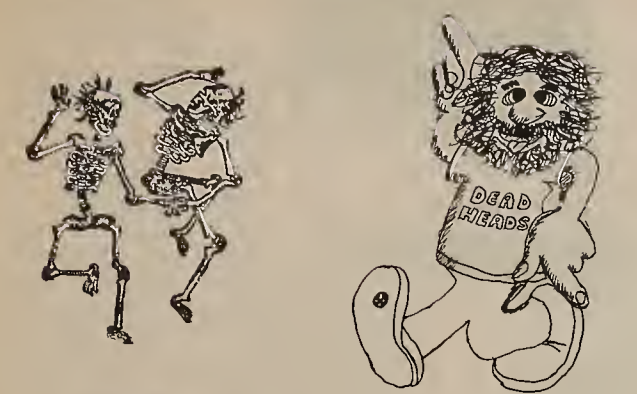
back inside, they're onstage again.... this tune has a good groove to it and the dancing's even more energetic and everyone's yelling out

but here they come back for an encore and it's that Dylan tune, "It's All Over Now Baby Blue," and it's as good as Dylan's ever done it, very slow and powerful.... and now they're leaving the stage and I guess that's it for tonight.... people aren't leaving, though, they're hanging around and talking, the general tone seems to be one of awe, that guy in front of me is saying "This is what church should be like," and i think in a strange way he's right.....

(thanks to Blitz for helping me get my lyric quotes correct)

(just in case this means anything to you, blitz sez the set list for the show was something like: Feel Like A Stranger, West L.A. Fade Away, Easy To Love, Beat It On Down The Line, It Must Have Been The Roses, The Last Time, Picasso Moon, Don't Ease Me In. Second Set was "an incredible Scarfire", "a smoking Samson and Delilah", Believe It or Not, Trucking, Trucking/Other One Jam, Drums, Space, Drum Jam, Other One, Hey Jude, Dear Mister Fantasy, Hey Jude Reprise, Sugar Magnolia, Sunshine Daydream, and an encore of It's All Over Now Baby Blue. The highlight of the show, he says, was the entire second set, with the exception of Hey Jude. And he adds that anyone with tapes is invited to drop by the Innis Cafe.)

lines, something about "I had one of those flashes / I'd been there before" and "Strangers stopping strangers, just to shake their hand," and now it's got more of a reggae feel, but still with something extra, and the guitarist has been wailing for the past five minutes, and the dancers are going insane, and the band is singing something about "Fire on the Mountain" and there goes the lead guitarist again, he's really good... wait a second -- isn't this next tune a gospel song? they've added a really heavy back



The common ground between the Dead and the young Dead Heads is the belief that the way to meet an impossible circumstance is with voluntary craziness.

Charlie Haas
New West, December 17, 1979

Keith Denning

This is the second part of the interview Keith Denning held with professor Robert O'Driscoll on February 12, 1990, on the day after the launching of his poem NATO and the Warsaw Pact Are One.

Robert O'Driscoll: John Kelly was removed. Middle of January, told to get out. Seventy-five year old priest who had been here for fifty years. Totally irrational. But they knew Kelly was helping to call the shots... Kelly left on the 31st of January. On the seventh of February, I was writing to George Connell. "Would you please say yes or no. Are you going to make an appointment for Celtic Studies or aren't you? One or the other." Because at that time there was an individual (Steve Roman) who may have financed a chair but he wanted first of all to see what U of T had to say. At the last minute, the letter was typed, and I took a sheet of paper, and I wrote "Dear George, I'm rather concerned about certain developments at Saint Michael's College. First of all, the removal of John Kelly. Second of all, the plan of the new president to make the College 'serve the Catholic community'. If this trend continues I can see Saint Michael's College moving out of federation with U of T." So I got in the car, delivered the letter to Connell. Now I had them all in a little trap at that time, because I had Sorbara, with copies to Connell and Marnie Paiken. So I ran into Marnie Paiken, and she says "This is a very interesting correspondence you're carrying on", and I said, "Wait until you see what's on your desk at the moment." Drove home, just in the house, and the Globe and Mail phoned, Margaret Polanyi, you know, the front page writer. She said, "I'd like to know the story behind John Kelly's removal." I said, "There's no way I can go into this without showing some documents."

So I picked up the documents, and went in. I got there, and Margaret Polanyi was on the phone. She hung up the phone and said "That was George Ignatieff, but nobody wants to go on the record." I said, "I'll go on your record." It seems that, well, Ratsinger was coming, who was the right wing of the Catholic Church, the College was moving out. Margaret interviewed me for two hours. Next morning, Saturday morning, I was in my office, and I got a call from Don Grant, weekend editor at the Globe. He said "Do you have a picture of Father Kelly?" I said yes. Drove down, went in, and he said, "We've had a very serious attempt to cancel this story." By the way, I'd swear this on the Bible. I'm not making up anything. This is the truth. This is the irrational part. And to answer your question on the Grey Men, I have to answer it this way, by telling the facts.

I said "Who?" He said "William Dunphy," who is the principal of Saint Michael's College. He said, "It was very serious, but the Mounties can come

in here, and I'll still run it." And then, "Do you mind if we ask you some more questions?" He got a new interviewer -- Margaret Polanyi had gone to Cuba that morning. She questioned me for two more hours, and then at the end, Don said, "Well, I might as well warn as far as your plans for Celtic Studies."

The story appeared on Monday, February the tenth, 1986. On Wednesday, this guy came into my office, who was my contact with Prince Charles [when O'Driscoll tried to get Prince Charles to open a Celtic Festival in 1986. Charles was willing to open the festival, but the festival, due to the fact that he was removed as director of Celtic Studies, never materialized.] Now I met this guy in 1984; I met him at the Edinburgh Festival, and I was talking about a festival of 'Ancient Wisdom in the Modern World, and Modern Wisdom in the Ancient World'. This is the guy on page 19 of the poem: "Stoppess while I wait: / The man / who gave the order to kill John Kelly / was not a priest / Bishop, cardinal or pope / but a lay Catholic here in T.O." He came to Canada in 1985 -- now I had decided to have four little festivals in '84 to lead up to the big one: Charles... and Arthur and Merlin, you know, the great Celtic... Camelot. Now, the second little festival was St. Patrick's Day, and Bill Davis gave a reception at the Royal Ontario Museum. Dutton flew in, phoned from the airport, said "Who have you invited to this reception?" I said, "I've invited the head of the Orange Order, I've invited Catholic priests, I've invited gunrunners." He said "Will I be safe there?" Now, Dutton fought in Northern Ireland in Prince Charles' battalion, but he underwent some sort of reconversion on the battlefield, [so he was concerned.] I said, "You stick with me, boy, you'll be safe." So he took a taxi straight to my office, and we walked over to the ROM. I saw this guy, he's called Mr. Ed in the poem. I said, "Ed, meet a friend of mine from England!" Mr. Ed swung around, and went like that [gestures turning away from O'Driscoll and Dutton].

OK, now we jump to February 12th, 1986. Dutton comes into my office -- by the way, it was confirmed to me by the people who introduced me to Dutton that he was in M15 -- and he said, "I have information for you." He gave me some information on McConica first. He said, "The man who gave the order to move John Kelly -- Keith Denning: -- was not a priest, bishop, cardinal or pope -- but a lay Catholic here in TO. [Kelly died eight months after his removal from St. Michael's, hence the use of the word 'kill' in the poem.] Then he said, 'you know who he is? Do you know that guy who you introduced me to last year, who turned away?' Mr. Ed.

Mr. Ed. He said, "We have documentary evidence that Mr. Ed is running guns to Northern Ireland." [N.B. From the poem:

"We thought he was running them to the other side" -- THE SUPREME COURT OF ONTARIO.] Now, I can't see where it comes together -- I don't distrust what Dutton told me, he comes with too many credentials... But you have to wonder how this connects.

Well, it connects, yes. Now, Mr. Ed --

It connects with the Grey Men.

It connects with the Grey Men. It's the only rational conclusion. It connects with the Grey Men. And do you know, just to clinch it, I sent Mr. Mulroney a letter -- I've had a long correspondence with Mr. Mulroney on Ireland, because I was only representative in Canada at a thirty-man meeting in 1982 sponsored by the British government. I won't go into the complications of all this, but I wrote Mr. Mulroney before Christmas, and he wrote back, "If you want to proceed with this idea, check with Mr. Ed." So... what does it add up to? They don't want Ireland solved, if they're Grey Men.

him if he'd be the number one man on the board for a festival in which the Anglo-Irish Agreement would be debated publicly, and would be covered by television all over North America, because it would have representatives at the highest level. Aird said, "Yes!!" He didn't say "yes...", you know. Aird has an Orange background, you know, he's a man of great integrity, and he was Chancellor to U of T. Well, do you know that that festival, even though it was aired, was subverted totally? And now we're having a little Mickey Mouse affair, here at St. Michael's in March. And do you know who's picking up the tab for the whole lot?

You see, he's like a fox, you can only see bits -- Now, uh, the festival in '86 was subverted...?

Oh, it fell. It fell because once I fell as Director of Celtic Studies, I didn't have the clout to bring it through.

Right. Now, do you think that Mr. Ed is behind your being removed?

Well, it was a coincidence of...

theatre, nine of the twelve people in it died. True.

What was so controversial about the theatre that --

-- they would die? I can't answer that. But the theatre was a real gathering energy point, because what I would do, I would go to Siobhan McKenna or Peter O'Toole or Richard Burton or Sean Connery, and you had them hooked. They were Celts, you see? And Siobhan McKenna was the first to appear; she came with Sean Kenny, in the first year. Burton was coming, and O'Toole was coming, and Connery was coming. So there was a gathering energy point in terms of going directly without going through middlemen, you know?

It provided a very sharp focus...? That's right. It was very clear. The articles are just incredible. Now, I'll name the people who died, I'll give you their ages, I'll give you what they died of. I'm not saying the Grey Men are responsible, but one has to wonder.

Well, who died... Sean O'Riada was the first to die, founder of the Chieftains. Forty. Now, he drank a lot, but... The second to die was Robert Bahl, Assistant Designer to Sean Kenny. Thirty-three. The third to die was Jackie MacGowan, famous actor, fifty-four. The fourth to die was the Irish Ambassador's wife, who was in her sixties. The fifth to die was Sean Kenny himself, forty-two, the designer. Sherman Stewart, he was fifty-six, he was the only guy I could talk to in the administration. The Irish Ambassador then died, also in his sixties. Our Irish connection in the theatre, thirty-seven, also died.

What did they die of? Well, Sean O'Riada had died of his liver, with his drinking. I don't know what Robert Bahl died of. Sean Kenny died of a brain hemorrhage. Mrs. Shields or Joe Shields, I don't know what they died of. Sherman Stewart died of a heart attack. Jackie MacGowan died of a cold.

Died of a cold. A cold, yes. A cold.

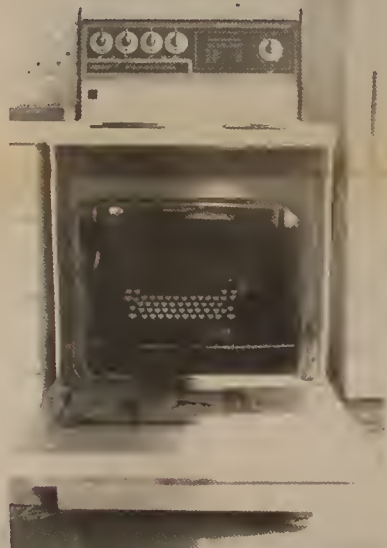
[laughter] Now, I'm not pulling any connection between those things, because once you get into speculating, you can go anywhere. But what I am beginning to point to is: what is the greatest commodity to -- Santa Rita is in existence for the Grey Men -- what is the greatest commodity for them to use? That is ideas, and artists, I think. I don't know what the answer is, but as I say, I was going through during '86 and '87 and '88, which were real years in the wilderness for me... you know, I'd keep all my telephone calls, when they came in, keep diaries on when people came into the office. The whole thing did not add up to me, except for some sort of explanation like we have.

Nine people died in eighteen months.

In eighteen months, from '71 to '74, yes.

And they were all connected with your theatre.

Intimately connected. The theatre was finished as a consequence of the deaths.



...because that would put them out of business.

Precisely.

And does Mr. Ed have any clout in the University?

Mr. Ed is moving very strongly within this college.

But he isn't an administrator, he's not an employee.

No, no. One of the things I had going in 1986 -- I had agreements from three governments: Britain, Ireland and Canada, for this public festival in connection with the Anglo-Irish agreement, which is the most important agreement between Britain and Ireland in many years, but nobody over here knows anything about it. And the energy and the money is going into what has always been going into, and that is sustaining the conflict. The Anglo-Irish Agreement was the one in 1985 that was going to solve things, but it's in constant threat.

John Aird, a year ago, I asked

What is the connection, if, for example, Connell has his hands bloodied in NATO matters? I don't know how to answer that question, because I wouldn't say he [Mr. Ed] was involved directly. I don't know what was happening behind the scenes. It's very difficult to know. It doesn't add up.

OK, that's the point in the prelude of the poem: Gorbachev says, "Now I am / Going to do / Something terrible / To you. / I am not / Going to be / Your enemy / An i mo re." In other words, there's not going to be that conflict where the Grey Men finance both sides.

Well, I'll tell you a little bit more about our Celtic movement and the Grey Men. I had a theatre here in 1971. I was Artistic Director. I have a long acquaintance with the Grey Men. Well, I'll just tell you one fact: in eighteen months of that three year

a Smiling Face

Yes. I still don't understand if there was some kind of conspiracy out to kill the theatre, and why.

Well, what I'm suggesting is: when there's a gathering knot of energy, with artists as the focal point, if there is such a thing as the Grey Men, they would have to dissipate that.

And certainly someone dying of a cold...

But I never talked about that, really. I thought at the time, cripes, we've got a jinx against us. And it could be just that. Happenstance. I was just following Mr. Ed, though, that's the reason I brought it up. That's the same Mr. Ed that has Mulroney muzzled at the moment. Something definitely isn't adding up in all of this.

It isn't adding up, no. The only way it adds up is by the Grey Men.

But as far as the poem is concerned --

It's based on a Celtic myth. What myth is that?

Well, of a god who incarnates through a toe, you see?

A toe.

A toe, yes. And I've moved that to modern times, of a god incarnating through the Big Toe. He's a sort of a spy/hero. In Section Five he discovers that the family that controls the Soviet Union controls the United States. And he also learns the nationality of that family. It's Canada. By the way, there's no imagination in this, there's documentation of this.

So the Grey Men are Canadian.

Well, they're all over the world, I guess, but the key family -- this is

suggested in the poem -- that controls both the Soviet Union and the United States, is Canadian. (Reads.) "He figured out the info from being third man on a mission. Canadians can add and clearly subtract." That's what the hero of the story, the spy. Then his family is threatened. He figures he'll lose his family in Section Six, which he does, and then he gets some information in Section Seven on the next stage: the next step in this realignment of countries which is going on is supposedly one man, stepping onto the world stage, and cleaning up the economic mess. That's what suggested here. And this doesn't come from me at all, it comes from a very knowledgeable "spy".

You're not trying to pin me down, I know you're not. But what if this is real, what if it's imagination? That's the ultimate question. I suggest in here that Kelly may have been Deepthroat.

That Kelly found out too much.

Kelly had the most impeccable credentials of any individual ever. What got my mind going on that one was: one night, I was at home, and there were four of us in the room: my wife, who most certainly wasn't involved in espionage, myself, Kelly, and this woman who was, it could be argued, the anchorwoman of espionage in Europe in the Second World War. All I remember is, Kelly suddenly stood up, and says, "So! The family that controls the Soviet Union controls the United States." Now, in my mind, well, I just registered it and didn't think of it

for a while. You know, espionage works through signs. So, I figured that signs were going on between Kelly and this woman, and that he was in a safe enough atmosphere that he could say what he thought. Now, that was in 1976. Kelly didn't have an irrational bone in his body. I don't want to publish this, but I think I know the name of the family (of the Grey Men), it's five families working as one, but I didn't know that until 1986, ten years after Kelly said what he said. So the thousand years of peace that you refer to is the World State, the domination of -- Well, I haven't worked it out. We've been promised in the Bible a thousand years of peace. This Belgian, it wasn't even safe for him to go there last night [to the launching of the poem]. Transmission from the Belgian I have here in Section Seven? All that material is from him. He claims -- and he actually gave me the name of the guy who's going to stand on the world stage, with the economic mess, which is going to be a prelude to persecution, because everyone is under the mark of the beast, and you're caught in the computer and there's no individual freedom.

You see, my conclusion is not very strong, really. Intuitively, I say that those changes [in Europe] cannot be haphazard, so (reading) "only one can / clusion is fee / sible, possible, clear: / A WORLD STATE IS NEAR."

And then I ask by whom has this state been ordered. The Soviet Union, and I

suggest maybe not, Gorbachev may only be here for a little while, and already there's suggestions of that. The unification of Western Europe, as an economic unity, is that tied in as well?

I suppose, I don't know really, but I'm sure it must be. My conclusion is yes, the Grey Men. They have ordered to make a world state. OK, a thousand years of peace is not going to come out of that, if it's a mega world state put together by financiers. There's obviously a lacuna there. You see, the beast in Celtic mythology, this god is the one who confronts the enemies of the imagination and the ideal. The Black Beast of the Apocalypse is the beast which is going to grind us all under.

So they're very much opposed.

That's right. In answer to your question about the world state and the thousand years: it's only by developing the beast within ourselves (in terms of Celtic mythology) that we can confound the enemies of the imagination and the ideal -- the bureaucrats and the financiers. So the two Beasts are contending as we stand on the threshold of this world state.

Which is why theatres that provide such powerful focal points are such dangers to the Grey Men.

Right.

And the Celtic Studies department, it is suggested in the poem, because it provides a mythology that is so different from the Western view of the world, is also a danger.

That is right. If Charles had come,

it would have broken loose, and it would have taken off. Arthur would have dominated the minds of students here for generations! If we had had a great festival on King Arthur. We are in a time when things are happening faster than our ability to absorb them. I mean, everything is happening in Europe so fast we can't even follow it. There is a sense of unreality about it all.

Total unreality. So this poem was a sudden synthesis that made sense to me, in my life right here, and seemed to make sense in terms of the way the globe was turning at that particular time. And that's why we had to get it out fast, because NATO and the Warsaw Pact will be forgotten a year from now. The military on each side will regroup. And it is amazing how much military there is in this country.

Once one begins to speculate on shadows, it's very difficult to keep the focus on reality. But there are ghosts on the television screen here. There are ghosts.

The Armageddon Series Part II: Nato and the Warsaw Pact Are One is on sale in bookstores now. The first part of the series, A Symphony For Three, and O'Driscoll's autobiography Mea Culpa: Psychic Warfare in Our Times, are works in progress.

Random Thoughts

@rty decrypts herald mess-age

@rty

OK Keith and Blitz, I'll write an article, but only because you are such swell guys. If only you could supply me with a topic as well. Hey, it's the last issue, so let's talk about, in full blown mutant color, I don't have a lot of time, for its late and the wife's been calling for me. So here's my lazy man's article:

-- The publishing year as a whole seemed directionless (and I'm not talking about politix or Blitz's crusading). That can be explained by The Herald's mandate of printing anything that they get. Editorial turnover and editing by committee explain the rough spots (like issue two's layout: YUKK!), but this could have been exploited by a system of Special Issues (i.e. In this issue of the Innis Herald, Blitz writes everything!). Clever layout and pirated artwork can go a long way to synthesizing otherwise disconnected articles (like the Monkey ish). Some of the time, the paper was too distracting to read it.

-- The lack of sports coverage and government news has been explained as the fault of those who play sports or government. This makes sense when nothing's goin'

down, but is a copout when things happen. The near unanimous acclamation of the I.C.S.S. executive could in retrospect be a big problem, especially if Rob and Milena and the rest of the people who hang out in that room become autocratic asswipes. Since the Herald receives student monies, shouldn't they at least remind the college in PRINT the dates of upcoming nominations and elections? And if the hockey team wins the final (something they haven't done since Steve Gold) don't they deserve some mention? (By the way, the game is on Friday, and the results will be known when you do layout this Saturday). This just seems lazy. The Editburo should make an effort to cover things which don't directly concern them personally.

-- I congratulate you on your handling of the dweebies. A critical article shouldn't be replied to in the same ish (is that the policy?), but all letters certainly should be responded to, as well as any slanderous stuff, or anything with bad rhyming too. (Hey, respond to this article, it's the last paper of the year.)

-- I read the poetry, I don't like much of it. Too many personal symbols, and no ability to reach another. If it's a valid premise for a poet to write only for himself, why should he be published? (Why for Fame, Fortune, Sex and Drugs of counsel Daniel and the lads must be really living the highlife.) Braz, is the poetry section really pre-ten-shus filler?

-- What happened to the Gom? He was a cute concept. If no-one heard of him, maybe you should have made some more T-shirts and given one to every contributor.

-- Lastly, be reassured to know that more people read the Herald than have ever heard of Scott! What are those boxes doing in the corner of The Herald office

anyway? From my booth window onto the pub, The Herald is downright grassroots compared to the conspiratorial profile maintained by the literary journal.

Farewell to you all. Good luck in Texas, Blitz, and I hope you find a livable home soon, Keith.

Peace & Love,
@rty



beyond the envelope

Cloudmonsters
John Anderson

a many room house upon a grass long hill
rooms with wide windows and childish carpets
outside and a leafy tree clear trunk broad shade branches
is what is like today
the air bright soft and sharp
defined with sunny shadow lines
blueing skyiness warming depth space giving
surety security
mostly but cloudlike thoughts being
wornisomely subjective interior closed inside
internal monsters
still the sun still the hill
still that house
clouds are not monsters
outside

Lucretia

Autumn leaves
fall down around me
as days pass
merging into each
the past becomes
a blur of memories
no direction;
I wish the wind
could move me,
aimlessly, as the leaves,
but I am tired.
People come
and go,
moving in and out
of my life
moving images,
blurred memories.
Few people stand out,
and those that do
I carry with me
so that now, I am not one,
but many different people,
and I fall more easily
(If only we could erect barriers
to keep us from getting hurt!)

and I am falling, falling, falling ...

as the wind carries me on

Loren Davie

On the first day of Spring
the chrome covered maiden
Strung my mind's eye
on the fish-hook of the
Valley of death

I duelled with another mind
He found out about his kitchen
Life was fine and I was the light.

One the second day of Spring
The raven-eyed southwind
Lost the way of
The hawk by the
Glare of the sun

I duelled with myself
They found out about religion
Life was coarse and I was the fog.

On the third day of Spring
I woke up clear minded
Taught myself about teaching
And walked towards the dusk...

Ode to Joyce
K.E. Sumner

With puckered brow he toochclenchingly spurt'd
Inky madness on the spreadeagled soft —
Begging page. For a tissue he grabsnatched
As the limpid splotchstain rivered out of
His quivering quillpen shamefully oily
dripley. Marymotherof. New pen, big
Too. Big Ben also (not new, big!)

The bard sauntered self-frighteously
From his thinwatery brainwitting to
The bog. Water to water. Curious
Kidneyfeel. From his self bog he sauntered
Thinbrained to the wit of his waterverse.
Versing went he heigh ho way to go! He
Inwardsstricked as his bowels moved a
Second time through his rigid pendigit.
Pages of masturbatory sludgewords
Flowed reekwarmly forth. Later it got printed.

Something Awkward Somewhere Delicate
Lance

Something awkward somewhere delicate,
Sidelong glance of shy Coyote,
Tells us we do not belong,
We three stay for desire's sake.

Coyote nods and watches in shadow,
We Three hunt deserted lands,
We Three seek buried dreams,
Love makes us delve, Arrogance makes us invulnerable.

Coyote howls our hidden sacrilege,
Claws of Spirits rain upon our naked form,
Black is the armor we grow over bleeding wounds,
We Three find transient sanctuary.

Sun baked bones of ancient ships,
Blood drenched teeth of wounded Coyote,
Tells us we do not belong,
We three stay for desire's sake.

Absurd
Daniel Hill

Toss a quarter to the sun
and watch it flip-n-gleam
and watch it fall to the dust,
dirt erase that gleam.

Now you try it with a buck
and watch it bend in wind
and watch it flying, flipping by:
a bird in wind it sings.

Then lightly lands on the road,
crushed rocks, dust-boulders
hold it.

A wasted dollar -- a waste of time,
you could call it rightly, so
the gleam is seen
the wind is heard
but easily named: absurd.

The Jug
Ralf Tomas Gutzeit

So much hinges on
a jug of water
Crystal clear
filled to the brim
it gushes out its contents
into a tall red tumbler
raining drops like diamonds
on the crisp white cloth

Mirror
Braz

Face thin, caving in
Like limestone caves, like sand, sand
Sand-bagged eyes struggling against
The ever-flowing tide



Sheri

Blood
The giver and the taker
Of Life,
It rains on our days
Leaving us scarlet puddles
In which we stand
Transfixed
We drink it
And breathe fire
It drowns our thoughts
Leaving violence to boil our brains.
Blood,
The giver and the taker
It is our breath
We live and die
For it
Kill
For it.
Blood the giver and the taker.
Come, share
A glass of mine.

Rose
scott wiebe

As the beauty of a rose
Timeless and unchanging
Is the beauty of your heart
Which shall survive all of time
A rose is truly precious
Yet not as precious as your heart
I would surrender a hundred roses
For a heart as beautiful as yours

I think,
The only real tears people shed
Fall into a white porcelain bowl.
If this is so
I can't wait 'til morning,
'Cause I don't want to be up
Half the night,
Crying.

Pushing The Ancient Greeks Into Oncoming Traffic Braz

I thought of you last night
Just before I made love, kneeling,
with a beautiful woman I had never met
while a choir from an outdated underground
lined up on the front sidewalk and sang.

You and I stood in the side yard of my childhood.
I had been sleeping in the back, by the garden.
The garden: always the medieval forest, or
distant jungle hiding treasures from the past.
Always, until now.

An insect laid its eggs in my right
shoulder. I wasn't wearing a shirt;
surely you noticed. But you didn't
say anything.

You just hung your laundry
on the sagging clothesline,
lectured absently to the gathering stormclouds
about the pathologies of Ovid
then turned the reluctant, whining wheel.

Café Blue Daniel Hill

You stood and left
me with cold coffee.
Your coffee, cold and sugarless
and I like sugar.

Routinely placed at 20 to 6
same time
same pace
same issues faced.

Conversations from café church pews
weather
family
the evening news.

But never of your eyes,
they're blue, I think.
Nor of your wink
that I never knew.
And now I'm standing
by empty chairs
in a coffee shop
with people in pairs.

Thinking thus:
"those things to do"

I drink your coffee and detest:
"its still cold and sugarless."

Teenage Berserker Nuns on Harleys In a Chlna Shop Lance

Black formless shapes envelop the sun,
Blood fills the mountain streams,
Flowing down onto the earth's basket,
Flowing eldritch pools of forgotten dreams.

Order runs rampant over the scythe cut fields of chaos,
Feast for the insatiable masses,
Swells the ranks of the unworthy,
Haunting ground of the shadowy paragon.

Black scale above scarred flesh,
Blood fills the endless chalice,
Quenching the dreams of the forgiven,
Mistaken wounds bleed after dark life.

Forces Fighting Over a Whale With a Giant Red Flower Growing on Its Back Imre Juurlink

I placed my heart,
soul, and body
into your hands
and watched you
juggle them
precariouly;
shattered faith
cannot be mended.

I had forgotten
how tears cut
through the skin
after the body
has grown numb.

I wanted to see
fires burn in your eyes
after that
nothing else matters

I am a stranger
everywhere
except in your arms
at night
The world has never
seemed so foreign
and everyone
so far removed.

I have spent
a thousand years
trying to
participate in life
I do not understand
why you are trying
to escape it
Are we at
cross purposes?

You see, I think
that really you only
wish to escape
from this relationship
and as a
diabolical form
of punishment
I withdraw myself
into a corner
and say that you
are not allowed
to love me
because I won't
let you
For this I can
forgive myself
for this only
hurts me;
you have escaped
through alcohol
until the apologies
in the morning

I scramble between
my shattered parts
and seek unity
you are only a shard
you are not human
so perhaps it is better
that you don't love me
I am glad
that you can't touch me,
but of course it would
not occur to you to try

Every night I struggle
with the disappearance
of existence for eight hours
and I grab for you
as a drowning man
a life saver
but you don't float
on these waters
you are sunken deep
into sleep already
and your heartbeat
reminds me only
of time ticking away
and you will never understand

You will never understand
Either that or you have
been ahead of the game
all this time
and are watching me
pointing to clouds
in a perfectly clear sky

Your arrows will
have to go deeper now
before I feel their pain
we should have created
a shield all around us
instead of wasting
this time on playing
these games
you should have told me
that no one could hurt me
as long as you are here

You think I
am your victim
conceit defies the truth
I have always
been building this ladder
and have a means
of escape
I have been hiding
from you
in a nest in this tree
and the parent bird
sits with its back
turned to me
and watches for
approaching dangers
he would pick
your eyes out
if you ever came near
but of course
it would not
occur to you
to try

Maybe you are right
and there is always
a tomorrow
and day after
but even that -
would not make
each moment
lose its worth
or life less
worth its living

A Guest In Egypt Ian MacLennan

Egypt's moon shine drunken cups tonight,
shaking her triple bowl through haze.
The wines' sharp fires have seared my tongue,
and glutted food has sickened to my taste.
The eunuch stands beside the jewelled door
that sways its panels over golden plates,
and slave girls bear the silver dish of fruit;
they come in mist, like waving fans,
in double forms of grace.
The hour has childed dreams,
and what my Eros seeks
bends like the reeds to Cleopatra's wish,
where love reflects her thousand mirrored forms
in shapes of beauty from the brazen walls.
White arms like roots life up their hands
to draw me downward to the fecund marsh.
My mind's pool swirls its vortex of desire;
a brilliant sheen, it twists around her eye,
coiling toward her gently moving bed.

(reprinted with permission
from the Dalhousie Review)

Lucretia

The yellow jackets march down the aisle
which leads to the platform
where students receive their diplomas,
and I remember your knees,
and how you used to kneel.
Your knees —
an integral part of me died
when you left
to go into the big world
with your diploma,
leaving me here
remembering your knees
and wishing
I had knees like yours,
wishing I could also stand up
and walk out that door
which opened for you
and has been locked to me —
leaving me here,
watching TV commercials
about yellow jackets
and remembering your knees.



Discussion

Odin & Warren Promulgate the Faith

Odin and Warren

It began months ago, just a joke really, but hey what the hell, we have got little integrity to start with so the concept was born: "Four Guys With Long Hair." So what if it was only one small, shall we say, fifteen minutes of exposure, it was a palace to us, every school boy with long hair dreamt of it, on stage bashing out some classic raunch.

The event: the world famous Innis Talent Night (the world is a small place after all). We metal columnists had decided to experience first hand how the dudes in the pictures on our bedroom walls actually felt as metal promulgators.

The selection of the playlist involved a most intensive and exhaustive process as we had to take into account the music which most stimulated, inspired, aroused, drove and excited one's inner being. The songs had to be top notch -- go to eleven -- thrashers putting forth an instant assault on one's medulla, inducing massive adrenaline secretions causing bodies to delve into violent convulsions of ecstasy. Real ear bleeders, teeth grinders, tongue biters. Most of all these select few had to have no more than three chords.

Upon making the over-stressful playlist decision the rehearsals, for lack of a better word, began and ended. All four went really well, especially the two with a drum kit and the one with the microphone and the terrified maid. We were Four Guys With Long Hair, a real band. Our lack of musical talent could easily be cloaked with the purchasing of hairspray, tight jeans and cool shirts, just look at Poison.

The next major hurdle: the audition. We savagely displayed an impressively... well, actually, the

organizers were close friends, but that's beside the point. We were in!

Time had flown. The night dawned: four months of prime practise time condensed into two complete band jams (of no particular flavour), and one with a microphone. We were ready to face the violent throngs. Last minute preparations were carried out in a nearby pad. We were real rockers now: ehicks, booze, hairspray, tight jeans, cool shirts, and, of course, a gig (I've always wanted to say that).

Unfortunately the last minute preparations transformed into a healthy short term session of indulgence in some of John Molson's finer products. But yeah! that's what we're supposed to do, set and example and invoke the wrath of the Moral Majority, not that we would have any impressionable witnesses.

Anyway, we took to the stage, not that there was a stage, but if there had been one we would have taken to it, so we took to the floor. We felt like a monkey display in a zoo, one with lots of toys and things for the occupants to play with and have a good caged time. Where for some bizarre reason people come and turn over part of their income (or someone else's) to stare, laugh, point and later talk about it over a soda, coffee or beer depending on one's individual preference, taste or age.

Except for being out of time and tune, forgetting a few bars here and there and a delayed start accompanied by a rough finish, we were hot. All Odin could see was bright lights, all Rob could hear was Pete, and all Pete could do was smile. But hey, who cares if we sounded brutal, we looked good, damn good! Just look in any metal

section of a record store today and you'll notice that's all that counts, except in OZZY's case, of course.

Warren

Well, first off there's the cover you see, it's got no hair on it. Instead we find a solitary bald chubby drummer, surrounded by the inhabitants of Lilliput. Nothing against chubby drummers and all as John Bonham was one too, but this is odd. Secondly, there are not enough crucifixes on this album, only one you see and that's on the back. On a more positive note, the vinyl is top notch and doesn't include any of the bonus tracks, thus it's a superior buy to the CD -- which if we may put forth a piece of personal philosophy, should be called 'compact displacement' of your income to the record magnate's pocket. Incidentally, the packaging of the album is not

environmentally friendly, (like the new Midnight Oil album), but who said Black Sabbath were nice guys anyway. The one thing this album is sadly lacking in is a corporate sponsor to take it into the nineties and perhaps underwrite the world tour, which is now sure not to happen. In fact, a nice big Exxon signpost or Esso for Canadian distribution would work great with the Lilliputians on the cover. Thought we'd forgot about them, eh? One could create a great contrast on this cover with the big signpost of the multinational corporation wesus the sealife of British Columbia's shoreline, which would be represented by the "little people". Perhaps a final word of warning for this album: learn all of the lyrics now because next year's Innis Variety Night will be dominated by Four Guys With Long Hair cover bands who will know all the words. Beware!!!!



Wild Strawberries: The Article

John Anderson

Every copy of Wild Strawberries' cassette *Carving Wooden Spectacles* has an individually hand-painted cover, which is one example of this band's dedication and sincerity. They are a four-member (except when they play live) band from Toronto with a folk sound reminiscent of The Lilac Time or perhaps The Dream Academy. Their influences, however, range from The Cure to Dylan and Cohen.

I could say that *Carving Wooden Spectacles* is "an auspicious debut", or "an unassuming yet stunning first effort", but I will just say that it is a really good cassette. It features infectious melodies using guitars, keyboards, and a violin, which compliment the beautiful singing of Ken and Roberta Harrison, who, by the way, are two really cool people. They sing about political issues and how they relate to ordinary people in a very poetic and, well, enigmatic manner. Further listenings do gradually reveal meaning, however, and

maybe someday we will understand what "I've half a mind to sit you down and blow you up with metaphor" means. Sometimes the words are pretty direct, for instance, "love is nothing when it's wise", and, in a song not on the cassette, "if you cheat on your wife you can run for your life or you can run for president." One of the songs, "Mei Mei", is obviously about the events in China.

All the members are completely unpretentious on stage, making this THE band to see live. They played a sold-out show at the Danforth Cafe on March 17, where the crowd went wild -- especially when they performed their hits "Down and Out in Canaan", the anthemic "Hollywood", and the popular favourite, "At the Unicorn". They are engagingly shy -- except for Braz, the guitarist, who has a strong following, and will jump on tables, pull fans out of their seats to dance, and crush muffins. Keep watching for their gigs. Copies of the cassette are on sale in the pub for \$6.00.



Moral Degenerate -- Buy His Book!

Keith Denning

The process of writing literature is a torture that not many people endure in this enlightened age. In a play I read a short while ago, the need to create was likened to having a parasitic worm eating your pancreas: the only cure was to cut yourself open, let it go, and hope that it would infect somebody else. In a city full of would-be artists and charlatans, and considerably less full of the genuine writers, poets, musicians and thinkers, we often run the risk of losing the ability to discern between artists and hacks.

Crad Kilodney is an artist. He is an angry man. For twelve years he has doggedly tried to kill the stupidity in the human mind and fill the hungry soul with something other than gas. Insofar as he has

been able to determine, he hasn't had much success. In one of his newest novellas, *Excrement*, he details his life in 1983. This is an angry book from an angry man.

"The day is sure to come when you will look upon the world as if it had never received the impact of a single uplifting thought." This quotation, from Henry Miller, opens the novel. It is a novel about the pain of writing, about the pain of seeing the non-impact your thoughts have on the world. "And in the face of all you have seen, you force yourself to touch that page with a small piece of yourself in the hope of eliciting a human reaction in the mind and heart of another sentient being. You suspect that whole business is ridiculous, absurd, and destined to be painful, and that it will have as much impact on the course of human

development as dust settling on the dark side of the moon, but you do it anyway because you have to."

The reader at this point (page five) may turn away, thinking "Jesus, what an arrogant attitude." He or she hasn't considered the strange mixture of arrogance and desperation that is prerequisite to any genuine creation. You have to write, and while you that writing will somehow take some of the weight of the world off your mind, you are arrogant enough to hope that the world will benefit by your words, and the world then weighs down on you harder than ever before.

And the world hits you much harder when you, like Kilodney, have spent six days a week, every week, for twelve years trying to sell your literature on the streets.

The artist hasn't got an

accepting soul. Accepting souls become accountants and receptionists. Artists find themselves crushed by economics. There are not many, but there are a few, like Kilodney, who do not accept this world. These few have the courage to spend their lives inhabiting substandard basement apartments writing what they must write, and beating their heads against an imbecilic universe day after day after day, unwilling to give up and join the world that they so desperately want to change.

I highly recommend *Excrement*: It is one of the finest things Kilodney has ever written. The bitterness of Kilodney's soul should be tasted. It is an unpleasant mixture: hatred bred of hope, hope struggling against an ever-growing cynical anger, anger gleaned from twelve years of trying

to make blind men see.

Copies of *Excrement*, and several other books by Kilodney, including *Malignant Humours* and *Blood-Sucking Monkeys* From North Tonawanda, are available directly through the author, who sells around Bay and Bloor, or on various places on Yonge Street south of Bloor. His books are also available by writing the author care of his private imprint: Charnel House, P.O. Box 281, Station S, Toronto, Ontario, M5M 4L7, or in several alternative bookstores like *Seekers* and *This Ain't The Rosedale Library*. His earlier works are much more difficult to find now, as most of them are sold out.

Film Reviews

His & Her Demon Lovers or The Angels Wanna Wear My Hightops

Steve Gravestock

Kathryn Bigelow's *Blue Steel* is a failure, but a noble one. It's noble because she tries to stretch herself, to do something more personal, and transcend the pulp format she's most comfortable with. (A big fan of genre directors like Sam Peckinpah and Walter Hill, her breakthrough film was the vampire western *Near Dark*.) It's a failure because she lacks the nerve to completely abandon the pulp genres she loves and because, at this point in her career, she lacks the skills to do so.

At the very least, *Blue Steel* starts with an interesting premise. Megan Turner (Jamie Lee Curtis) becomes a cop because of her wife-beating father. She wants to set childhood wrongs right by becoming someone who upholds the law. On her first night on the job, though, Megan stumbles onto an armed robbery. Rattled by something that happened during her training, terrified, and perhaps for some more sinister reason, she loses control.

In legal terms, she uses "undue force." In layman's terms, she blows the thief full of holes. Megan clearly kills the guy in self-defense but there's something disturbing in the way she fires

repeatedly at him, long after he's down and out.

Psychotic gold trader Eugene Hunt (Ron Silver) — a customer in the store where the robbery occurs — steals the thief's weapon and begins killing people randomly, using bullets with Megan's name scratched on the casings. He believes that Megan is a kindred spirit and that she enjoys the god-like thrill of killing people too. (Eugene talks to god.) The film's overwrought, portentous tone and some of Megan's actions suggest that he might be right.

Essentially, the film's a feminist nightmare. Megan attempts to escape her father by becoming a powerful figure. However, she's attracted to Eugene — who, before she knows what he is, successfully romances her — and he turns out to be even creepier than dear old dad. What's truly nightmarish about the scenario, though, is that Megan seeks to amend things by assuming a powerful, traditionally male role and then gets sucked in by the violence that permeates that world. Megan enters the male world with only good intentions and then finds out that she's as susceptible to temptation as the type of man she abhors. Bigelow makes this

explicit in the opening credits with an elaborate gun-love scene. She takes it apart and lingers over the pieces as if it was a beautiful body. She renders this theme even more explicitly when she has Megan fall for Eugene while he's delivering a speech about how people look so insignificant when you see them from the air.

This is a far more useful version of feminism than what's offered up in victimization fantasies like *Story of Women*. Bigelow's not interested in spreading and perpetuating images of women as victims by definition. She sees them as agents and is interested in how they function in a world they're unaccustomed to.

Unfortunately, the execution hamstring the film. Bigelow and co-writer rely far too heavily on crummy genre devices. Eugene turns into a relentless, unkillable psycho straight out of *Friday the 13th* or *Halloween*. These devices suit pure pulp. They don't fit the relatively sophisticated psychological and socio-political ideas in the premise. The tension between style and content end up making the film look ludicrous.

Blue Steel also falters dramatically. Right from the start we know that Megan must kill

Eugene and deal out frontier justice or simply arrest him and re-establish civilized values (thereby saving herself as well). This probably pleased Bigelow and Red when they wrote it and it will definitely please grad students. For the rest of us, it's rather boring.

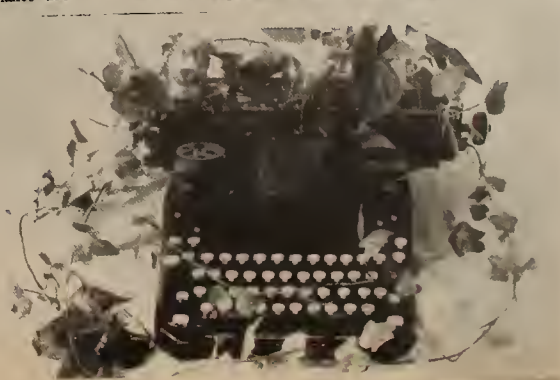
Bigelow's highly stylized images — though beautiful — undermine what she attempts to say. Originally a painter, she favours highly composed shots which, when used properly, can give her work emotional depth. In *Near Dark*, she turned wide-open, stark landscapes into prisons; it was the perfect style for expressing how trapped her characters felt, especially the vampire tribe. The film was like a vampire movie directed by Jan Troell. By aestheticizing the space her characters occupied, she aestheticized them and somehow made them seem more human. Their emotions were crude and primal so pathetic fallacy was the perfect form for expressing them. It made their emotions seem grander. (She also revitalized the genre by taking the overly familiar ghouls out of remote castles and forests; the tropes seemed fresh instead of hackneyed. Bela Lugosi was clearly dead.)

She tries something similar in *Blue Steel*; the film is jammed with extreme close-ups and tableaux. It doesn't work because the emotions are more sophisticated. The stylization is at odds with the script. While the script tells us that the characters are multi-faceted, the visuals tell us they're objects.

Bigelow also made a mistake by casting Jamie Lee Curtis as Megan. I can see what she's up to. Curtis has a very guarded, average looking face so she's physically perfect for Megan who's almost completely lost through the entire film. She doesn't belong in this hyper-intense environment. However, Curtis lacks the gifts to suggest what's going on in Megan's head. It's not that she's bad; at worst, she's adequate. She's just not up to communicating what needs to be communicated.

Ron Silver, who was brilliant in *Enemies*, is less than adequate. He keeps trying to put too much into a very skimpy role and ends up giving a wildly histrionic performance.

Ultimately, *Blue Steel* fails because Bigelow falls into the same trap that Peckinpah fell into. Like Peckinpah, Bigelow has an artist's intelligence, instincts and sense of craft but a pulpwriter's vocabulary. This tension marred almost all of Peckinpah's work. Bigelow's still a very young director, though, and here she seems to have at least partially recognized the problem. And that's a very good sign.



Film Reviews

Mercy! Gere & Roberts Pretty Funny

Karen Sumner

It seems that I have been cast in the role of a Richard Gere supporter or promoter, first in my piece on *Internal Affairs* and now in this review of his latest film *Pretty Woman*. I have not sought this role, but I am not embarrassed to be in it. Gere gets to strut his comic stuff (not to mention some other things) in *Pretty Woman*, and does a pretty good job despite an often inane script and despite the fact that the film was directed by Garry (Happy Days, Laverne & Shirley) Marshall. Gere plays a business man who makes his millions with corporate take-overs. He buys floundering businesses, breaks them up into little pieces and sells the parts, recouping his losses and then some. Gere's co-star, Julia Roberts, is the animated and engaging Vivian, a hooker who Gere inadvertently picks up while asking for directions to his hotel. In town for a week on business, Gere makes Roberts a proposition:

she stays with him all week at his beck and call, and he pays her \$3,000. She can't believe her luck, and frolics around his luxury penthouse suite in glee.

So much of the "plot" or action (and dialogue) is boring and stupid that it's hard to explain why the film is so enjoyable. For example, there is this whole sub-plot about Gere's motivations regarding his take-over business, and his doubts about whether what he does is worthwhile. This questioning of his motives is set off by Roberts, who is astounded that he doesn't make or create anything for a living. He begins to realize that what he does is destroy, and so develops a plan to save a company, not kill it. Gere had some problems in his relationship with his father (his third successful take-over was of his daddy's business), and sees the owner (Ralph Bellamy) of the corporation that he decides to save as a kind of surrogate father. All this stuff is boring. During his scenes of corporate soul-searching

we just wish he would get out of the office and back to Roberts, as their scenes together are what make the film worthwhile.

Roberts is perfectly cast as Vivian. She is fresh, impulsive and utterly unself-conscious but (we are explicitly informed) suffers from low self-esteem. It would be preferable if this was just a given, worked into the characterization (as it is most of the time) and not discussed in those "painfully revealing" conversations that she and Gere must have in order to gain the sympathy of the audience. These two actors are capable of acting out both the strengths and weaknesses of their characters. I'm not suggesting that they shouldn't talk about important things, I just object to the set-pieces designed to make us feel sorry for the hardships of their respective lives. This should simply and easily come out in the process of their being together and bouncing off each other (nudge nudge know what I mean). To a large extent the film

does work this way, to the great credit of the two actors. Unfortunately, Marshall feels that he has to spell out some things for his thick-headed audience, or maybe he just likes those completely artificial, unspontaneous pourings-out of raw emotion (with the help of soft, sympathetic music, caring sharing close-ups and other "poignant" techniques). Blech! Their relationship is much more honest and open when they are just hanging around together. In one outing, Gere takes Roberts to the opera and watches gently as she quietly weeps through *La Traviata*. It seems that more is going on here than in all those carefully arranged, soul-searching moments.

Part of the enjoyment of *Pretty Woman* is watching Gere and Roberts as physical actors. Gere's quiet, self-contained demeanour is played off against Roberts' flamboyant energy, as though she can't quite keep all her (ever so long) limbs under complete

control. Her enormous smile and her unrestrained movements captivate Gere, just as his quiet intensity and unconscious silliness (she thinks his cellular phone is lame) attracts her. Yes, some of the dialogue is atrocious (she recalls a recurrent adolescent fantasy of being saved from a prison-tower by a prince on a white horse, pretty banal stuff), but most of it is saved from idiocy by two very competent (and humorous) performances. Marshall even attempts to up-date that old sexist woman-needs-rescuing-by-good-looking-babe story by making it clear that Roberts saves Gere as much as he saves her. (Luckily he spells this out for us again, or we just might miss it.) Never mind Marshall -- go see *Pretty Woman* for some pretty good comic performances. And lest you be put off by the title (sexist, demeaning, objectifying), just remember it comes from a great Roy Orbison tune and -- mercy! -- if that's not justification enough then I don't know what is.

Steve Gets Badly Influenced

Steve Gravestock

Bad Influence's principal claim to fame so far has been its connection with Rob Lowe's well publicized video experiments. (Videotape figures prominently, chillingly in the film.) It should become notorious for being the film where director Curtis Hanson found his voice and emerged as someone to watch closely. This creepy little thriller is stylish, taut and arguably the best film released so far this year.

The film focuses on weak-willed but ambitious yuppie Michael Boll (James Spader) who gets stomped on by his co-workers and bullied in his personal life until Alex (Rob Lowe) appears and convinces him to be more ruthless (professionally and privately) and demonstrates how. Initially, Michael doesn't need much encouragement. However, he balks when Alex's methods become too extreme (ie. violent); Alex then calmly, deliberately sets out to ruin Michael's life.

This critique of businessmen and business "ethics" is skillfully, evenly banded. Screenwriter David Koepp (*Apartment Zero*) and director Hanson don't facily dump on the business world. (That, after all, is akin to Alex's view, that all people are secretly immoral, selfish and hypocritical.) Through Michael's mooching, dope-smoking brother, they suggest that giving up completely isn't a viable alternative. At the same time, he's not a complete loss; he's crucial to Michael's scheme to rid himself of Alex. Through Michael's own actions, they half justify Alex's Hobbesian, kill or be killed outlook -- Michael is a hypocrite -- and half dismiss it. Michael certainly isn't a killer.

This outlook -- with its mixture of fatalism, cynicism and confusion -- has an extremely contemporary flavour. State communism may be dead but nobody's very happy with capitalism either. This isn't what Hanson and Koepp are talking

about -- they're too subtle to baldly, vulgarly politicize things -- but they do plug into it. Albeit obliquely.

A huge part of what makes the film feel so contemporary is the visual style Hanson and cinematographer concoct. After seeing the movie, a friend said that -- when you left the theatre -- the film still seemed to be running. The film's look comes partially from hip, glossy magazines: *Details* comes to life. I've never been to Los Angeles but the film's vision of the city gives with my impression of the place in its upper middle class aspects. As Hanson, Koepp and Elswit present it, Los Angeles appears to be all chic art galleries and ultra-hip private night clubs and parties where you need a password to get in. The city is populated by bedonistic, manipulative hustlers who travel in these circles and work-obsessed, pseudo-conservative drones who want to travel in them. The high-gloss visuals express the narcissistic outlook of these people perfectly. *Bad Influence* is extremely erotic but not sultry or fleshy; it -- and the characters -- love anything that's two-dimensional.

Hanson's work here reminds you of Joseph Ruben's *The Stepfather* and *True Believer*. Hanson's more chi-chi, more toney, and undeniably West Coast but his film features the same blissful marriage of style and content. In tone, the film also resembles Elvis Costello's psycho numbers. Like Costello's songs, the film is highly polished but brittle; collapse seems imminent.

Paradoxically, the glossy visuals also give the film a muted feel. This submerged atmosphere allows Hanson and Koepp to shift tones, sometimes radically, without destroying the flow of the piece. In one scene, Hanson and Koepp lightly satirize Michael's officious fiancée; the next scene is abrupt and ugly as Michael is threatened by a thug in a bar. The movie keeps

sliding off in a direction you don't quite expect. (This is absolutely essential because the script is a little too schematic. We know what Alex represents the minute he shows up even if we don't know anything about the film.)

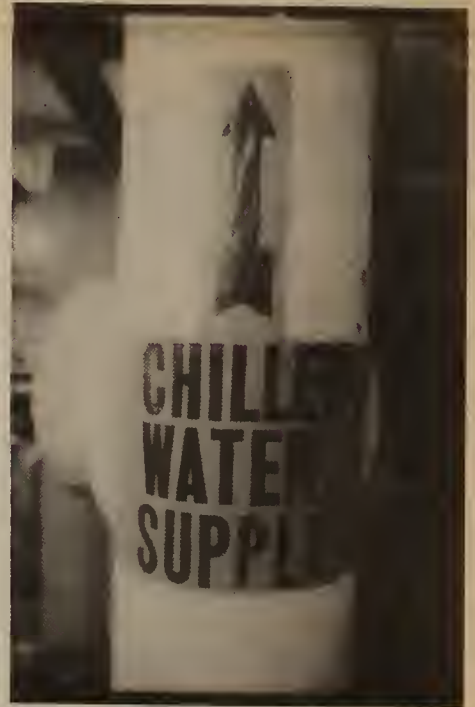
The movie is packed with subtle, often comic details. For example, after yuppie Michael finds out that he may have beaten someone up while in a drunken stupor, he still ties up before he heads off to work. (Cleanliness is next to entrepreneurship, or something like that.) Michael -- who's obsessed with getting ahead -- designs his apartment so that it resembles his office.

Hanson has cast the film beautifully. Lowe and Spader are primarily types so they fit right into the narcissistic world he creates.

He offsets this by casting very distinctive performers in the minor roles. Lisa Zane, who plays Claire the flakey girl Alex fixes Michael up with, has attractive, but slightly odd looks, and everytime you see her you want to see more.

My only real complaint about *Bad Influence* is that it's a little too cold. Hanson and Koepp sympathize with Michael's confused perspective -- while giving the others their due -- but they seem to do it in a rather marginal, academic way. This neutrality coupled with the visual style makes the film feel rather inhuman.

Still, *Bad Influence* is the sharpest, sleekest thriller since Bob Swaim's *Masquerade*, and its confused fatalistic tone actually connects with the current mood in a way that film didn't. Moreover, with the denouement, Hanson and Koepp have cooked up an in-joke for the entire Western world. (Even if it was unintentional, it's still funny.) You'll have to see it to know what I mean.



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Random Environmental Thoughts



DON'T

Ask Myrtle
for environmental
advice

In this final issue of the Herald for the 1989-90 school year, I take this opportunity to bid farewell to the readership. In this my final column, I plan to carry on about nothing in particular but rather to rant about some things that bother me. Beware of some gross generalizations and perhaps the odd nasty word. Old Myrtle is getting provocative.

Darling I Love You but Give Me Bark Avenue.

Eva Gabor is a plastic vapid horrid whining snivelling materialistic snot. Recently Eva Gabor 'unleashed' a healthy wad of fortune to pay for her darling little dog's wedding. I fail to recall the exact sum, but the event was extravagant and included a large guest list, full banquet, limo etc. I think weddings are a pathetic waste of money in the first place. But for a dog? Why can't these people find anything more useful to spend their money on? Has she ever tried doing anything to benefit humanity? How about donating some of her wealth to AIDS research or the environment? She just goes around with her nose in the air and her fur coats and diamonds and slaps policemen when they dare to issue her a traffic ticket. Or was that her sister? Same genes. Who cares.

The poor little beast (the dog that is) hasn't the slightest notion of its pre-arranged marriage. In its mind it went for a car ride (probably spending most of it in terror and anxiety anticipating a visit to the vet), then, assuming the ceremony took place outside, it spent a day in the park with lots of people around and one other furry creature of its own species. Then it got to boor down on some heavy grub, and then the ride home -- or did the honey-mooners get to spend the night together? One wonders if the declaration of "I now pronounce you husband and wife" signaled the ceremonial sniffing of one another's tail region. Perhaps if it were a real dog like a lah or shepherd or something. Nah, it would still be ridiculous and wasteful. Nevertheless, I see nothing wrong with the idea. A canine wedding (with a real dog of course) could be cute, in a backyard with some friends and Alpo as an entree -- but not for thousands of dollars. Apparently, Eva has not had enough of her own weddings.

"Fresh Air! Town Square!" I'll take the fresh air anyway, and it could use some help.

Ou Et Pitou?

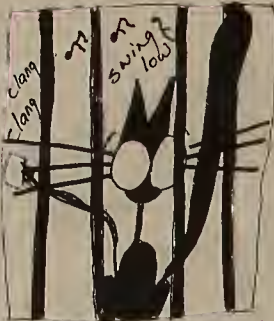
This French-English language deal is really starting to drive me. I'm sorry, but are there not enough more important issues with which to occupy our minds and media than the squabbling over what language we speak. Does someone's use of their mother tongue really have a dramatic impact on someone else's quality of life? Or is it an excuse for weenies to vent their prejudice?

In the East, revolutions we never thought possible are occurring on a weekly basis. Of course not all is perfect, but the world is becoming less polarized, and the stronger the unity, the better we can tackle international problems such as peace, world poverty, the environment and inequity. We cannot do a thing when nations adhere to stubborn sovereignty. We have miles to go but at least we are going forward.

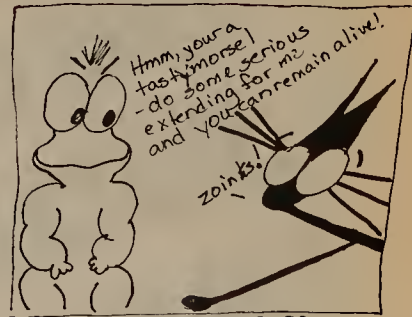
Here in Canada, we cannot maintain unity within our own borders. How can Canada ever become an international voice when leadership is barely audible within our own nation? We have no leaders, only slithering Reagan clones with no balls, ready to swap our country for a seat in the Whitehouse, ready to segregate our country via Meech Lake without even a struggle to preserve Canada's bilingual culture and this country's unity. We point our fingers as South Africa and apartheid, without recognizing our own nation of segregation. The anti-apartheid movement has been making progress finally after years of relentless protest. Back home we hide behind our newspapers and remark without passion, "What a shame. Good thing I dropped French in grade nine." A country of spectators and arm-chair politicians, Canada generates more garbage per capita than any other nation and is among the top three spewers of carbon dioxide. Let's just sit back and let it happen then read about it in the paper. Still we point our fingers. Let's clean up our own act first. Its difficult to generate environmental concern within a country whose people are more burdened over walking into a provincial government building and finding French paragraphs next to those in English. Or those blasted groceries. What a pain having to turn packages to understand what we are purchasing. By now all Canadians should be familiar with "K Speciale" as well as "Special K" or understand that glutamate monosodique means monosodium glutamate. Bon Appetit!

Extendo Cat Sees the Other Side

by Cheri



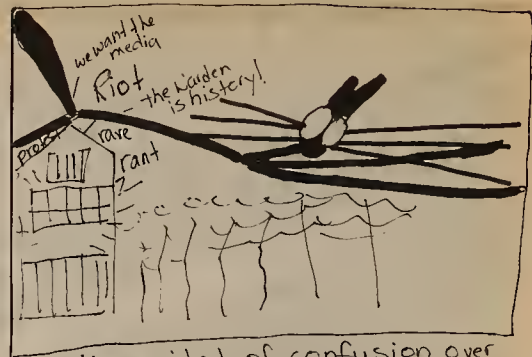
After the Extendo-Roadblock event at Temagami, our Hero goes to jail....



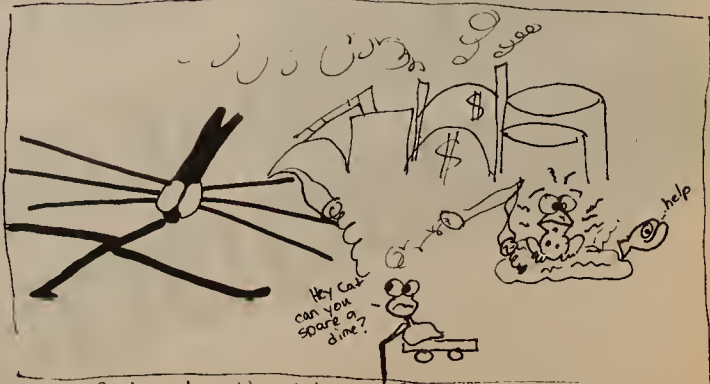
... and meets Biff In for defecating on Park Property



Miraculously, Extendo-Cat initiates an Environmental coalition within the Prison



In the midst of confusion over the revolt, Extendo Cat extends over the barbed-wire fence...



... And into the bliss of the Free World.

Envirotorial

by Cheri

"The Admissions Committee has evaluated your application.....Due to the enrollment limitations, we are unable to accommodate you in this program at this time. However, your application has been retained in the active applicant pool. In the event that an opening...blah blah blah..."

Rejection letters are so full of euphemisms, so many rhetorical pillows to let you down softly. Lakehead University (yes, the one that advertizes on Q107) has rejected my application to Teacher's College on the basis of...what? My marks? Experience? My lack of Thunder Bay citizenship? I shall never know. It would be too personalized should the rejection letter be accompanied by an explanation of each hopeful applicant's more specific failure. The same goes for Western and Brock, who did not fancy me either.

My sister is a teacher. She got straight A's at York University and a subsequent straight-A average in Teacher's College. She is a wonderful teacher, but had very little experience before applying, just excellent grades. In fact, she was not sure whether or not she would enjoy teaching at all; however, her three-year degree in psychology left her with few career choices.

The teaching program at York was three years long, as it was interwoven with her regular B.A. My sister emerged from the faculty of education saturated with the education doctrine and was able to freely reiterate phrases like "a child's self-concept" and "positive reinforcement" which advocates that instead of yelling at Johnny for squirming in his chair, a graduate of the faculty of education would sweetly encourage the misbehaving child with, "Johnny, I really like the way you were sitting before." This is the philosophy behind the education dogma.

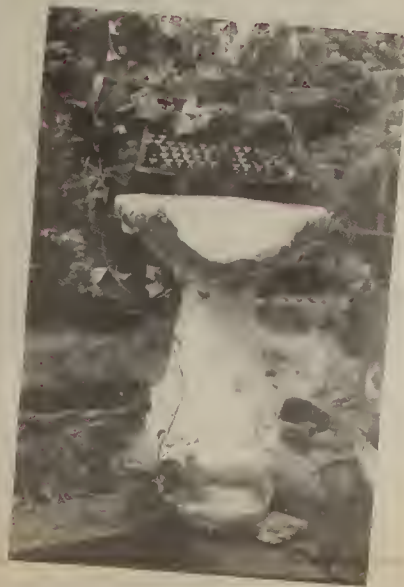
I was curious as to whether or not this applied to the senior level. My sister being a primary teacher and I, myself, hoping to teach environmental science to high-school students, I was concerned that using the same philosophy on 17-year old Johnny might invite a reply like "Sure Teach, I'll sit anyway you like. I'll come over and sit on your knee if you like. Heh Heh." "Laughter, laughter," from Johnny's peers. Such a scenario is highly unlikely; I give the youth more credit than that. Nevertheless, my sister assured me that the education philosophy is the same at all grade levels, and so, had I been accepted into the faculty, I would have been taught such measures of positive reinforcement. This is under-standable. Positive reinforcement is important, whether practiced on a teacher's student, a boss' employee or a university's applicant. The latter refers to the "thank you for applying to..." which opens every rejection letter.

My sister also noted that the faculty stresses the importance of encouraging a child or student however 'dense' he or she may be. Again the education philosophy advocates that all children/students are intelligent and creative and that those who do not necessarily obtain high grades are just as bright, providing they show enthusiasm, determination and an element of creativity. In other words, grades are not the determining factor. This is a noble thesis, but it becomes bogus in light of the Faculty's own lack of practical application. The Faculty of Education wants to see its teachers treat their students equally, without showing favoritism to those who are exceptional. At the same time, when it comes to selecting the future teachers to maintain such classroom justice, the Faculty wants only those who are exceptional, only those with the best grades need apply. (So I tucked my hair up under my hat and I went in to ask them why).

Welcome, or rather, we regret that we are unable to welcome you to the Faculty of Hypocrisy.

Only those with a minimum B average will be considered by the Faculty of Education, a minimum requirement which I more than satisfied, but obviously not enough. My grades were not exceptional. The Faculty does not care that I have always had to work while in university and that I have spent much of my precious study time working as a volunteer for environment groups, or that I truly care about becoming a teacher and love my subject area. Note: most teachers, including my sister, apply to the F of Ed. because they do not know what else to do with a three-year degree in psychology. Granted, my sister is a great teacher, but I KNOW NOW that I would be a great teacher and that is the reason I applied -- not the inverse.

So the Faculty wants only eggheads teaching our children and young people, perhaps university graduates who have spent their years studying, rather than experiencing and really learning. The best teachers I ever had in high school were those with stories to tell, experiences to share and a passion for their subject which they transferred onto their pupils. My worst teachers were those damed eggheads who were boring, computer-programmed and taught everything in a black-and-white, right-or-wrong fashion. Think about your favorite teachers; they were human and alive, not bloody computers, which incidentally, may replace the human teacher someday for they are intellectually perfect and seldom err -- the ultimate Faculty of Education prototype. And then those students that fall under the perfect teacher's instruction will too become perfectly programmed, and those students who are intellectually less than perfect will certainly fail. The computer has no grey areas, nor compassion, nor a story to tell.



Sports



OUR INTREPID
TYPE WRITER ^{HERO}
TAKES A FALL!
& GETS
PUT INTO A
TYPE-CAST

